



NEVER AGAIN

The War to End All Wars

No 8

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

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NEVER AGAIN

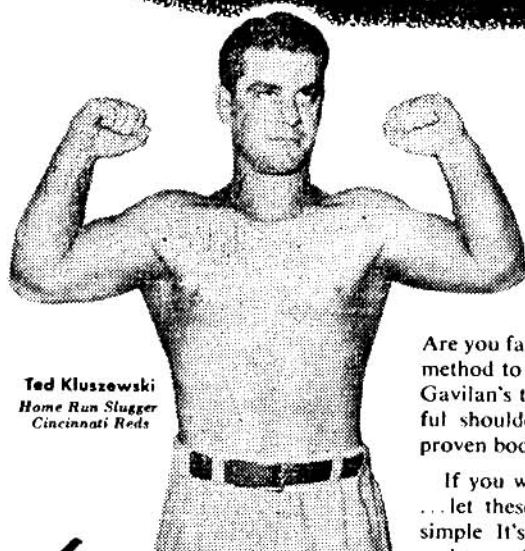




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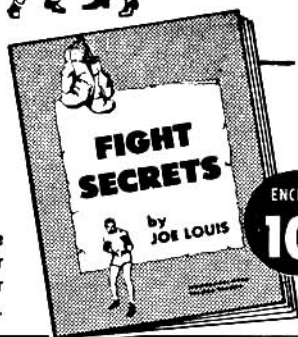
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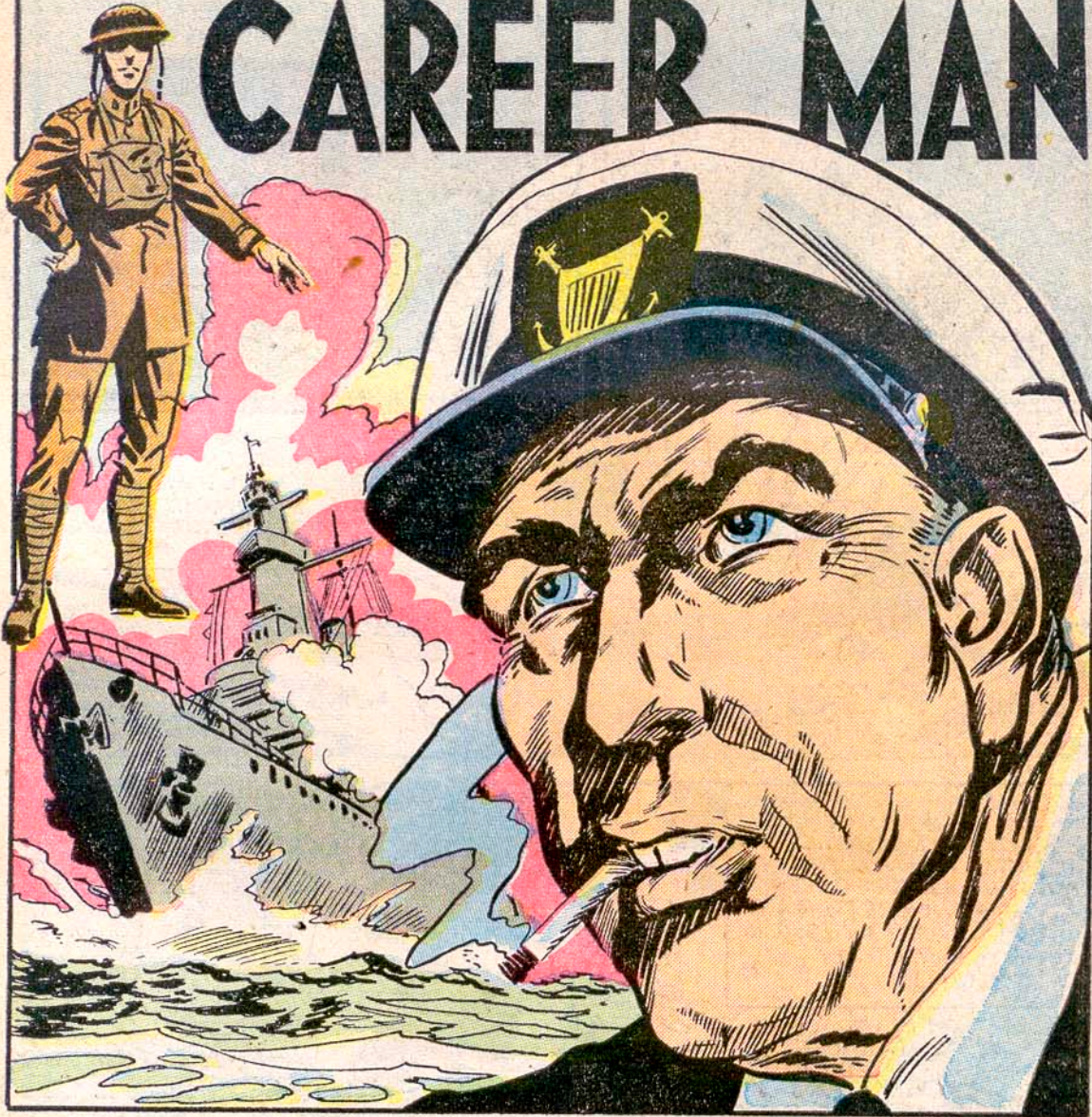
Volume 1, Number 8

July, 1956

(Printed in U.S.A.)

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER JOHN "HUTCH" HUTCHINSON WAS A CAREER MAN, FIGHTING WAS HIS PROFESSION AND HE DID IT WELL, BUT HUTCH LEARNED THAT SOMETIMES IT DOESN'T FEEL SO GOOD TO KNOW THAT THE JOB YOU DID, WAS WELL DONE

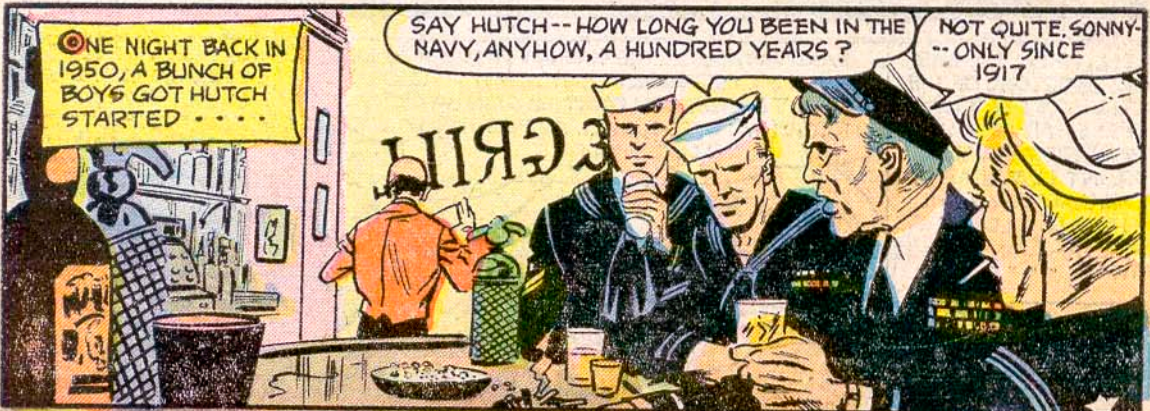
CAREER MAN



ONE NIGHT BACK IN 1950, A BUNCH OF BOYS GOT HUTCH STARTED

SAY HUTCH--HOW LONG YOU BEEN IN THE NAVY, ANYHOW, A HUNDRED YEARS?

NOT QUITE, SONNYS--
-- ONLY SINCE 1917



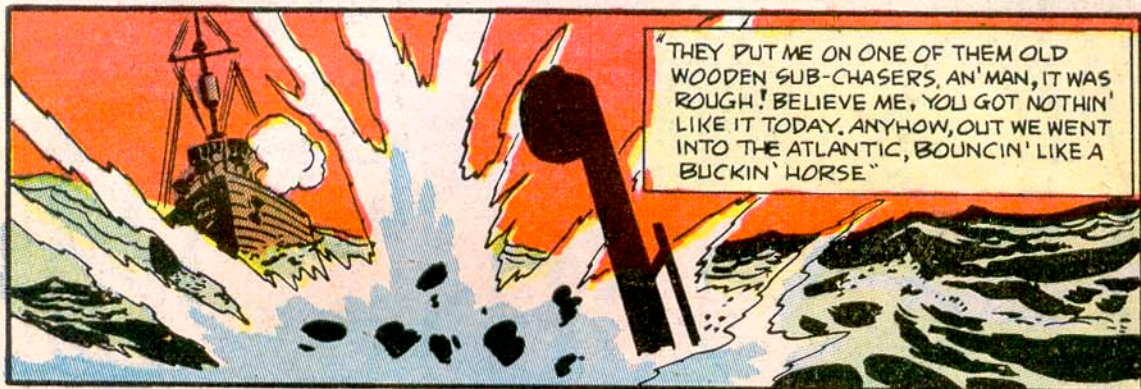
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WOWW! THAT'S DARN NEAR FORTY YEARS! WHY DIDN'T YOU GET OUT WHEN YOUR TWENTY YEARS WAS UP, HUTCH, OR YOUR THIRTY?

WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY, BOYS -- BUT I'LL TRY TO TELL YA!

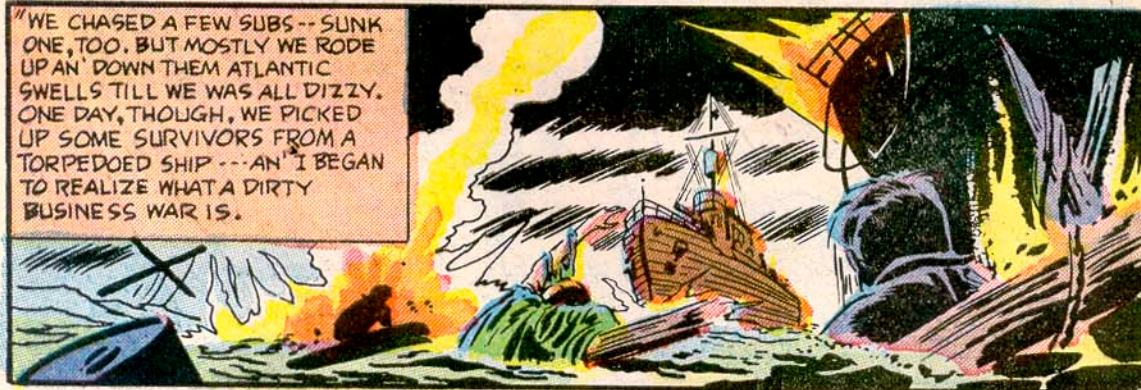


YA SEE, I WAS JUST A GREEN KID WHEN I JOINED UP IN WORLD WAR I, YOUNGER THAN YOU. I WAS 16, BUT I LIED ABOUT MY AGE. ANYWAY, I HAD NO INTENTION OF BEING A CAREER MAN AT THE TIME. I JUST WENT AND JOINED, LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE WAS DOIN'.



"THEY PUT ME ON ONE OF THEM OLD WOODEN SUB-CHASERS, AN' MAN, IT WAS ROUGH! BELIEVE ME, YOU GOT NOTHIN' LIKE IT TODAY. ANYHOW, OUT WE WENT INTO THE ATLANTIC, BOUNCIN' LIKE A BUCKIN' HORSE"

"WE CHASED A FEW SUBS -- SUNK ONE, TOO. BUT MOSTLY WE RODE UP AN' DOWN THEM ATLANTIC SWELLS TILL WE WAS ALL DIZZY. ONE DAY, THOUGH, WE PICKED UP SOME SURVIVORS FROM A TORPEDOED SHIP -- AN' I BEGAN TO REALIZE WHAT A DIRTY BUSINESS WAR IS.



WELL, WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER, ONE OF THE OFFICERS GAVE US A SPEECH, TELLIN' US HOW WE WERE THE FRONT LINE AGAINST THE FORCES OF EVIL IN THE WORLD AN' ALL THAT KIND OF THING ----

---AND ALTHOUGH THE WAR IS FINISHED, WE STILL NEED ARMED FORCE TO KEEP IT FINISHED. IF ANY OF YOU MEN WANT TO SIGN UP FOR A REGULAR HITCH, WE'LL BE PROUD TO HAVE YOU.



NEVER AGAIN

TO MAKE IT SHORT, I SIGNED UP. I STILL WASN'T THINKIN' OF A CAREER, BUT I WAS ONLY EIGHTEEN, AND I HAD PLENTY OF TIME TO MAKE UP MY MIND. BESIDES, WHAT THAT OFFICER SAID KIND OF MADE GOOD SENSE TO ME.



I GUESS THAT PEACE-TIME NAVY WAS PRETTY SOFT, EH, HUTCH?

"WELL, THERE WASN'T ANY FIGHTIN', BUT IT WASN'T WHAT YOU'D CALL SOFT. THEY KEPT US PLENTY BUSY KEEPIN' EVERYTHING SHINED UP. BUT IT HAD ITS GOOD POINTS ----



"THEY REALLY MEANT IT IN THOSE DAYS, WHEN THEY SAID, JOIN THE NAVY AND SEE THE WORLD! I'VE SEEN HONG KONG, SINGAPORE, LONDON, PLACES ALL OVER THE FACE OF THE MAP. I WAS KINDA GETTIN' TO LIKE IT BY THAT TIME ----



"AND BESIDES, I WAS GETTING MY STRIPES REGULAR, AN' MOVIN' UP THROUGH THE RANKS. I SIGNED UP A COUPLE MORE TIMES, AN' PRETTY SOON I HAD HALF OF TWENTY YEARS IN. I FIGURED I COULD RETIRE WHEN I WAS ONLY THIRTY-SIX, GET MY RETIREMENT PAY AN' MAYBE START A LITTLE BUSINESS, SO I STUCK IT OUT FOR THE TWENTY."



HOW COME YOU DIDN'T GET OUT THEN, HUTCH? YOU COULD HAVE GOT OUT BACK AROUND 1937.

WELL, BY THAT TIME THINGS WEREN'T GOIN' SO GOOD IN EUROPE. HITLER WAS KICKIN' EVERYBODY AROUND, AN' I FIGURED THEY COULD USE SOME OLD HANDS LIKE ME IN THE NAVY IF WE GOT INTO IT, SO I SIGNED UP FOR JUST ONE MORE HITCH.



BUT BEFORE THAT HITCH WAS OVER, SOMETHIN' HAPPENED THAT SET THE WORLD BACK ON ITS HEELS, AN' THEN I HAD TO STAY IN ----!



GIVEN - PREMIUMS Or - GIVEN

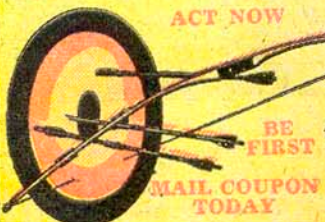
OUR 61ST YEAR ACT NOW BE FIRST



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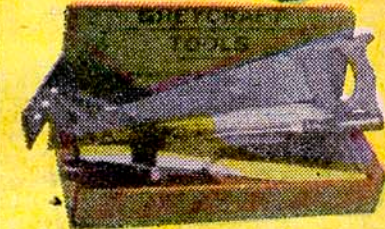
BOYS - GIRLS LADIES - MEN

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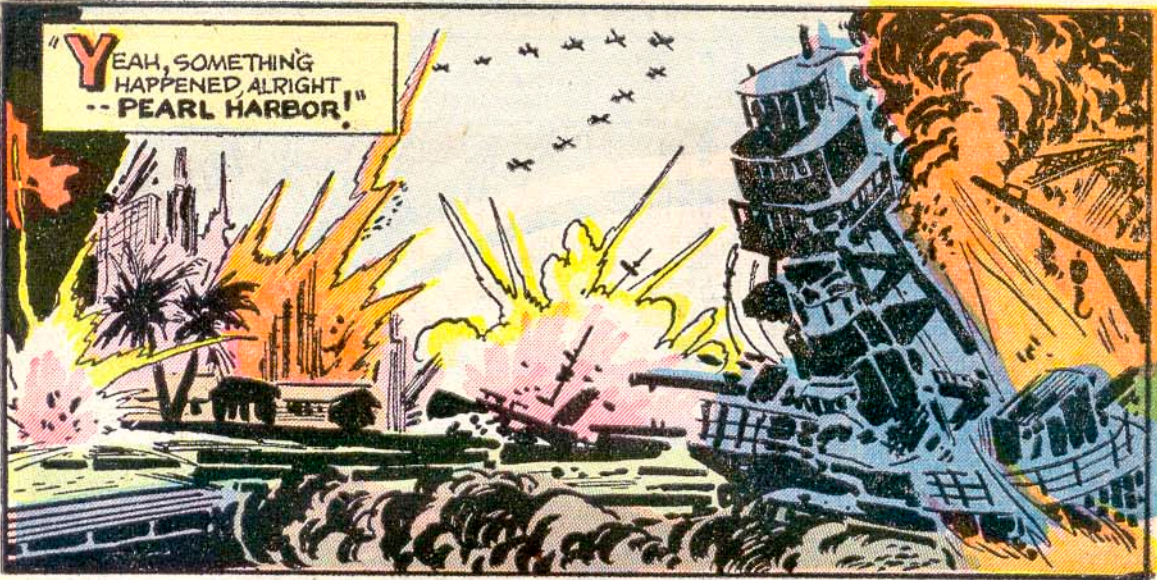
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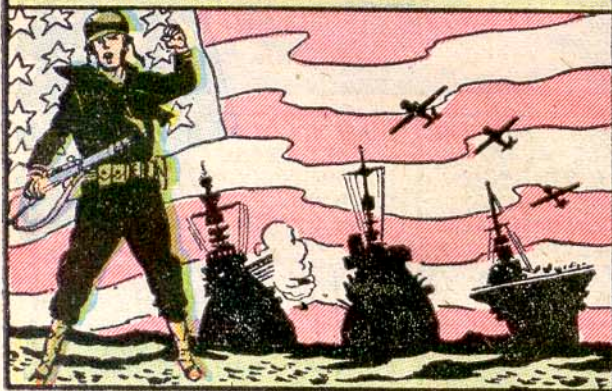
Name _____ Age _____
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 FULL LAST Name Here _____

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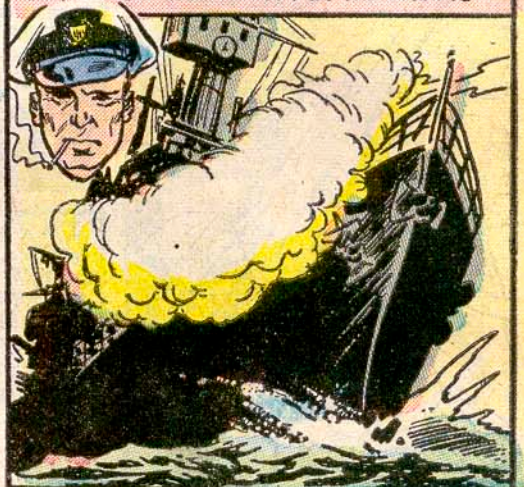
"YEAH, SOMETHING
HAPPENED, ALRIGHT!
-- PEARL HARBOR!"



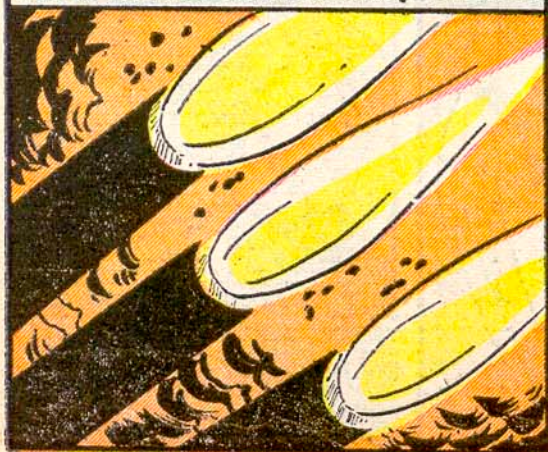
"AN' I WAS THERE. I SAW IT ALL, AN' LEARNED ANOTHER
LESSON ABOUT WAR. I KNEW THAT PEOPLE WHO
COULD PULL A SNEAKY TRICK LIKE THAT, AN' PEOPLE
WHO COULD SHOVE OTHERS INTO CONCENTRATION
CAMPS COULDN'T BE ALLOWED
TO RUN THE WORLD. THAT WAR HAD TO BE WON,
AND I HAD TO HELP."



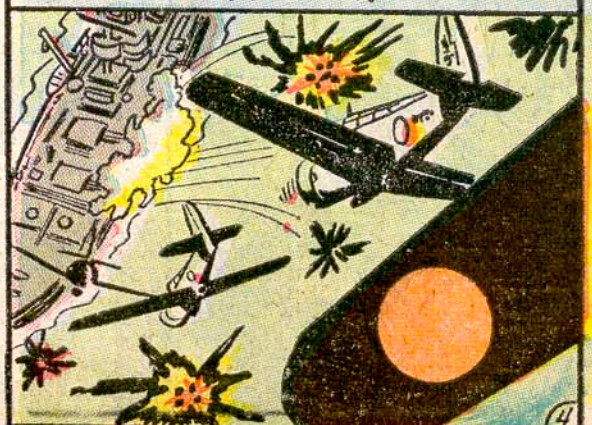
"IT WAS A TOUGH WAR, BOYS, THE TOUGHEST
OF THE LOT FOR THE NAVY. WE WERE
OUTNUMBERED PLENTY IN THE PACIFIC --



"AN' THE JAPS THREW EVERYTHING THEY HAD
AT US. WHY, MY SHIP ALONE WAS HIT TWICE,
BUT OUR GUNS BLAZED AWAY!"



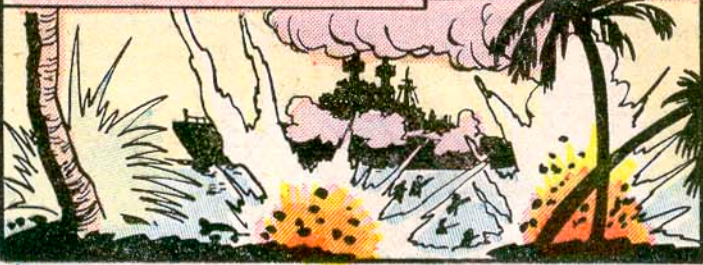
"SOMETIMES IT SEEMED LIKE WE WERE UNDER
AIR BOMBARDMENT NIGHT AND DAY FOR A
WEEK AT A TIME. IT WAS A BAD TIME FOR THE
GOOD OLD AMERICAN NAVY."



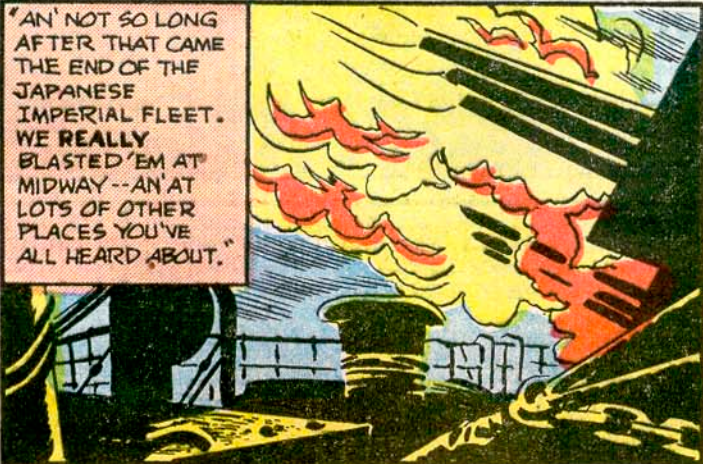
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"BUT PRETTY SOON AMERICAN KNOW-HOW GOT US THE SHIPS AN' PLANES AN' GUNS AN' AMMUNITION WE NEEDED, AN' WE DID THE REST. WE STARTED KNOCKIN' THE JAPS OUT OF THE SKY ----

"WE BEGAN MOVING BACK, ISLAND BY ISLAND. THE FLEET BLASTED 'EM FLAT, AN' THEN THE DOGFACES AND GYRENES WENT IN AN' FINISHED 'EM OFF."



"AN' NOT SO LONG AFTER THAT CAME THE END OF THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL FLEET. WE REALLY BLASTED 'EM AT MIDWAY -- AN' AT LOTS OF OTHER PLACES YOU'VE ALL HEARD ABOUT."

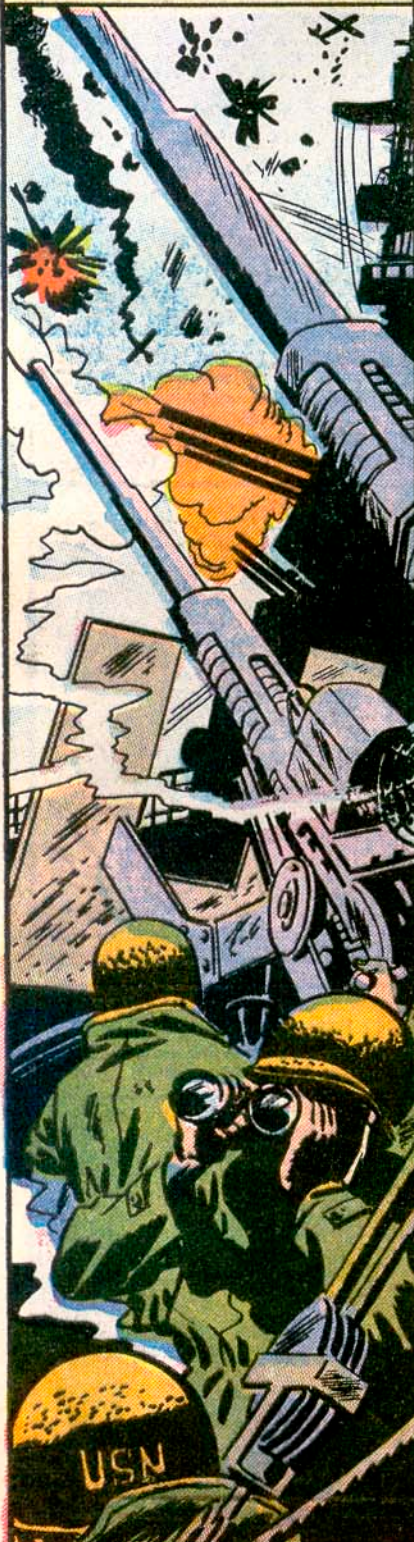


"I'M PROUD TO SAY I WAS THERE WHEN THE JAPS SIGNED THE SURRENDER ABOARD THE MISSOURI, TOO -- NOT ON HER, MAYBE, BUT IN THE SAME HARBOR. MAN, WHAT A CELEBRATION THAT WAS!"

BUT YOU STILL DIDN'T GET OUT OF THE NAVY. HUTCH. WHY NOT?

FIGURE IT OUT, BOY. BY THAT TIME I HAD EIGHT-NINE YEARS MORE IN, ONLY A YEAR OR TWO TO GO TO MAKE THIRTY. WHO'D BE CRAZY ENOUGH TO GET OUT THEN?

V-J DAY



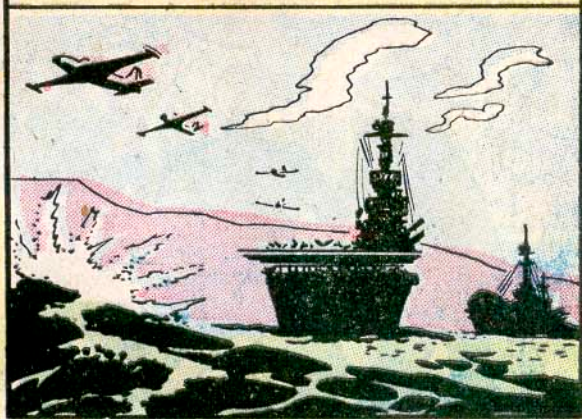
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BUT YOU'RE STILL IN, HUTCH. HOW COME YOU DIDN'T QUIT WHEN YOU HIT THE THIRTY YEAR MARK?

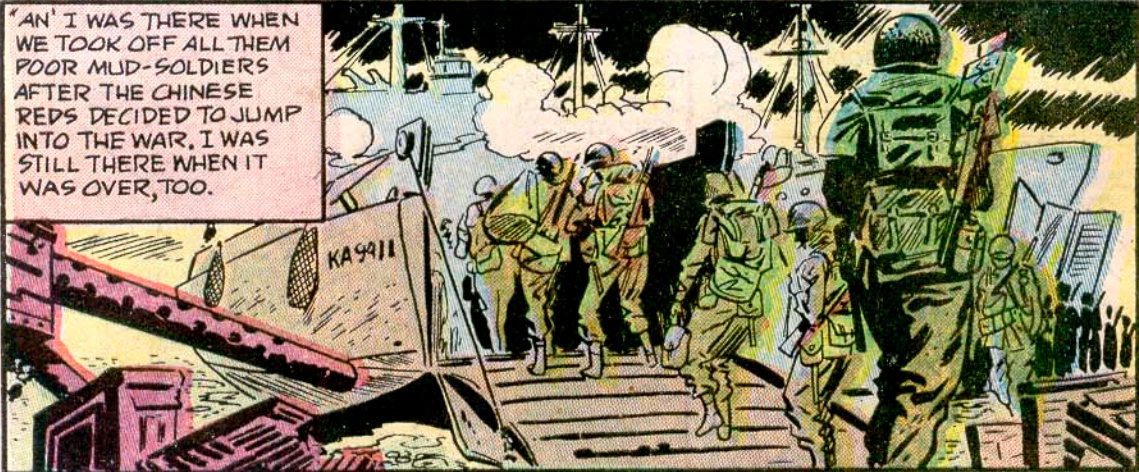
DON'T YOU KNOW YOUR HISTORY, SON? LOOK, I'DVE GOTTEN OUT IN THE LATE FORTIES. RIGHT? AN' LOOK WHAT WAS GOIN' ON THEN--THE COLD WAR, RUSSIA ACTIN' UP---AN' THEN KOREA!



"SURE, I WAS IN KOREA, TOO. I COULDN'T QUIT THEN--THEY NEEDED EXPERIENCED OLD HANDS LIKE ME. BESIDES, WE WERE STILL HOLDIN' THAT LINE THE OFFICERS TOLD US ABOUT WAY BACK IN THE FIRST WAR. I DID A LOT OF CARRIER ESCORT DUTY OFF KOREA ---"



'AN' I WAS THERE WHEN WE TOOK OFF ALL THEM POOR MUD-SOLDIERS AFTER THE CHINESE REDS DECIDED TO JUMP INTO THE WAR. I WAS STILL THERE WHEN IT WAS OVER, TOO.



BUT BEFORE YOU GUYS ASK ME AGAIN--YEAH, I'M FINALLY GETTIN' OUT, SOON AS THIS HITCH IS DONE. I FIGURE FORTY YEARS IS LONG ENOUGH IN ANY MAN'S NAVY.

IT SURE IS, HUTCH -- TOO LONG FOR ME! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN YOU GET OUT?



I'M GONNA SIT ON MY--ON MY FRONT PORCH AN' RELAX! WHAT ELSE IS THERE FOR AN OLD SAILOR TO DO, WHEN THERE'S NO MORE WARS TO WORRY ABOUT?

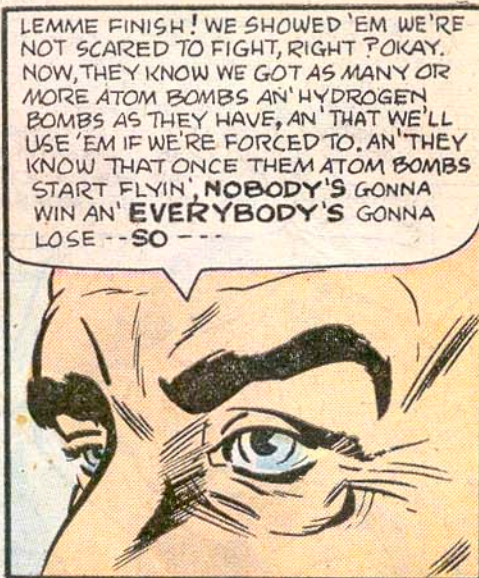
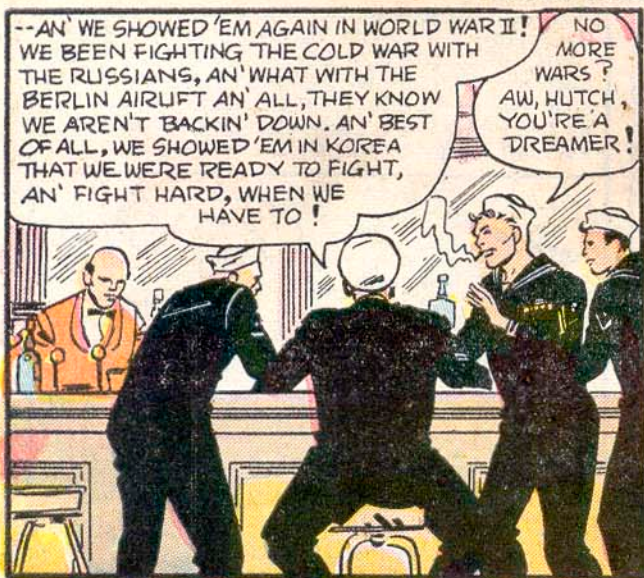
WHAT? YOU REALLY THINK THERE'LL BE NO MORE WARS?



SURE I DO. WE HELD THE LINE, DIDN'T WE? WE SHOWED THE GERMANS WE WOULDN'T STAND STILL FOR ANY CONQUERING ARMIES, BACK IN 1918 ----



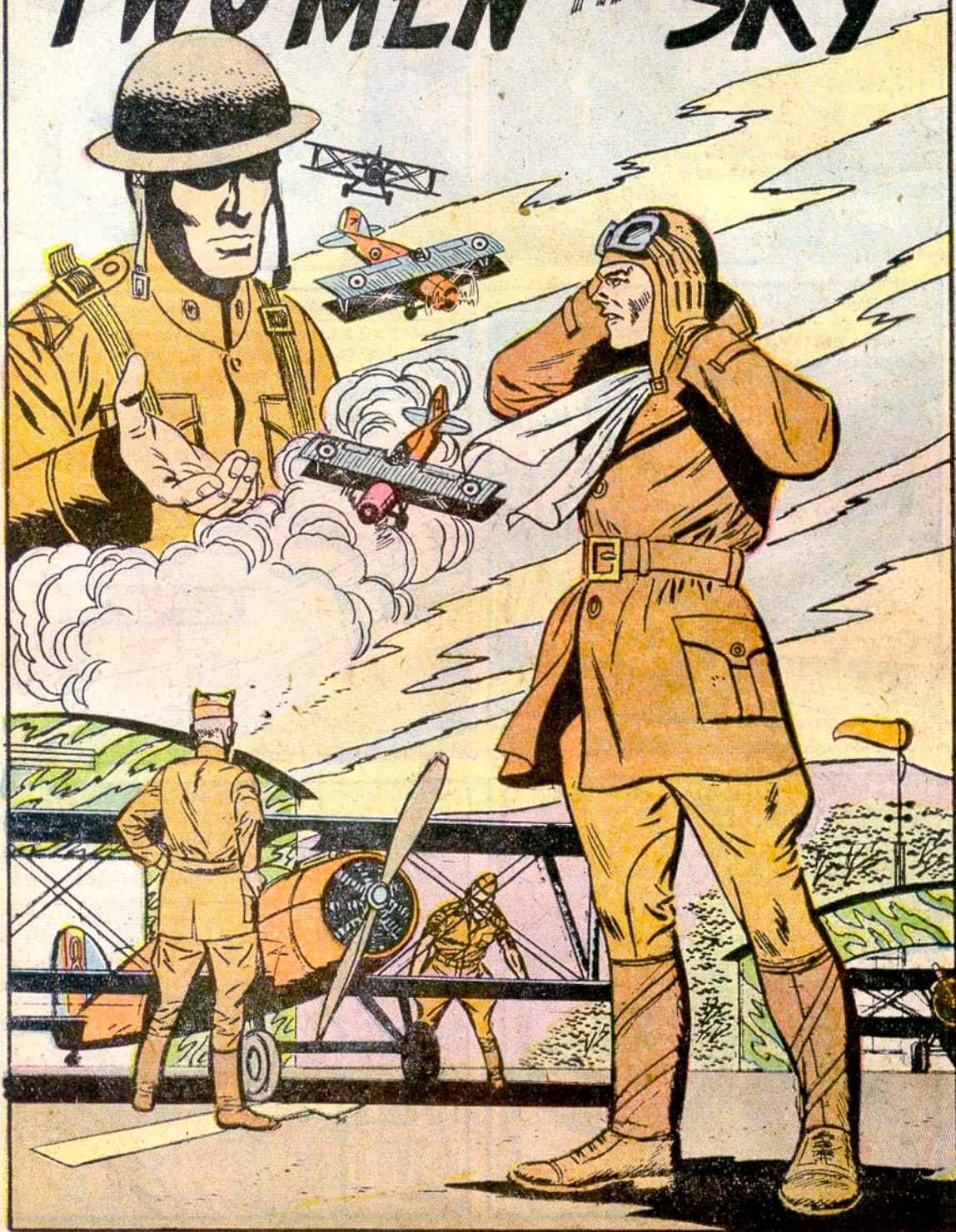
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HOW LONG MUST IT GO ON! THIS IS THE CRY THAT RISES FROM THE HEARTS OF ALL HUMANITY AT THE THOUGHT OF WAR! THIS IS THE QUESTION IN THE MINDS OF EVERY FIGHTING MAN AS HE GOES INTO BATTLE, BE HE ROMAN LEGIONAIRE OR SPACE PILOT! AND THE SAME QUESTIONS--WHY, HOW LONG?--HELD TRUE IN FRANCE IN THE SUMMER OF 1918, IN THE MINDS OF

TWO MEN ^{IN} THE SKY

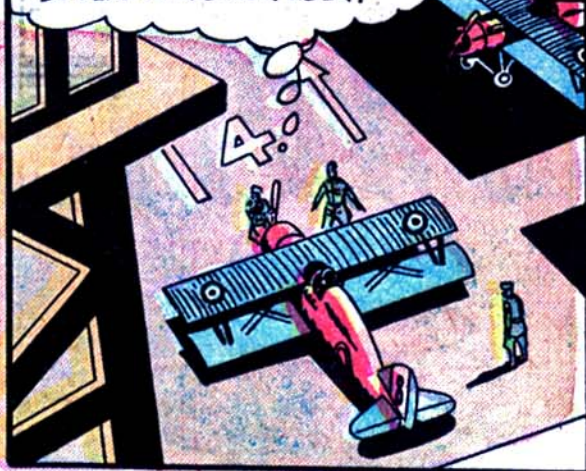


THE FIRST OF THE TWO MEN WAS HARRY SMITH, AMERICAN, FROM DAYTON, OHIO -- HARRY SMITH, WITH A HEART FULL OF COURAGE AND A MIND FULL OF WONDER.

WELL, HERE I GO DAWN PATROL -- INTO A CONTRADICTION OF CANVAS AND WIRES THAT CAN LIFT ME HALFWAY TO HEAVEN -- OR KILL ME!



WHY DOES A MAN DO IT, ANYWAY? WHY DOES HE GO CALMLY OFF LIKE THIS WHEN HE KNOWS HE MAY BE DEAD IN ANOTHER HOUR?



... BUT WHY IS IT THAT A MAN'S JOB SO OFTEN IS WAR AND KILLING!?



THE PLANE CLIMBS TOWARD THE WIDENING DAWN.

WHAT AM I DOING HERE, ANYWAY? OH, SURE, I KNOW THE SIMPLE PART OF THE ANSWER -- WE'RE SAVING THE WORLD FOR DEMOCRACY, AND I KNOW IT HAS TO BE DONE. BUT WHY DO WE HAVE TO SAVE OVER AND OVER AGAIN? WHAT IS IT IN MEN THAT MAKES THEM FIGHT, MAKES THEM KILL EACH OTHER THROUGH THE AGES?



BUT I NEVER WANTED TO KILL ANYONE. I'M JUST A GUY NAMED HARRY SMITH, AN ARCHITECT -- AND A PRETTY GOOD ONE, TOO -- BUT I'M NO KILLER. I WANTED TO DO MY JOB, TAKE CARE OF MY WIFE AND FAMILY -- LORD, WHAT I'D GIVE TO SEE HELEN AND THE BOYS AGAIN RIGHT NOW!

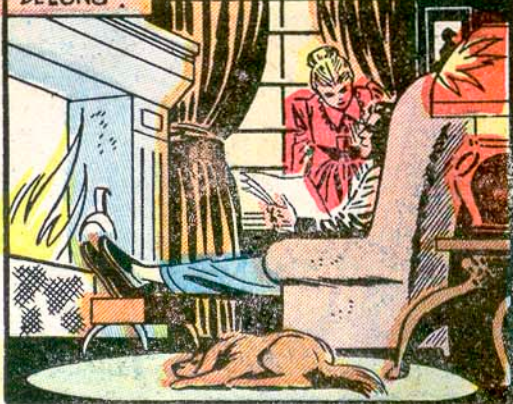


* HELEN AND THE KIDS -- THAT'S ALL I EVER WANTED, BUT LET'S FACE IT, I ENLISTED OF MY OWN FREE WILL, DIDN'T I? SURE I DID, BECAUSE I KNEW THAT TO HAVE HELEN AND THE KIDS AND TO KEEP THEM SAFE AND SECURE, I HAD TO GO OUT AND FIGHT --

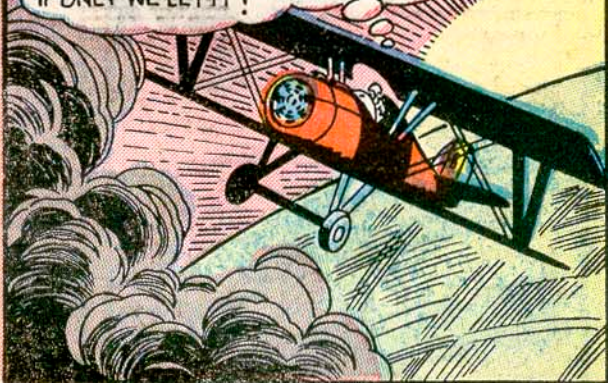


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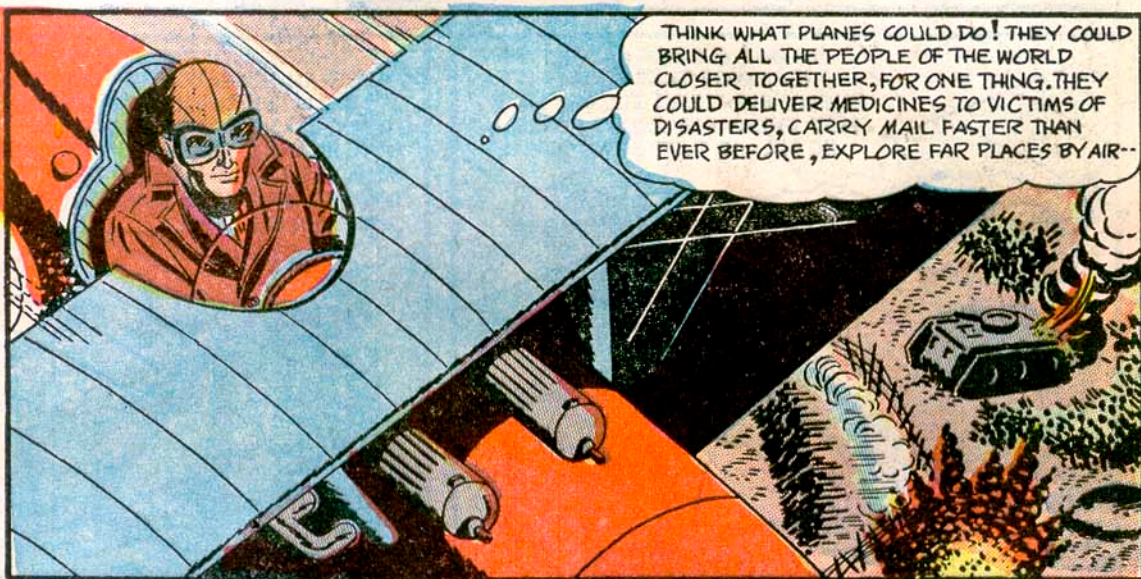
"-- BUT WHY? I'M SURE I'M FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT THING, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE GERMANS? ARE THEY AS EVIL AS WE'RE TOLD THEY ARE, OR DO THEY THINK THEY'RE FIGHTING FOR THE RIGHT WAY OF LIFE, TOO? WHY CAN'T ALL OF US STAY HOME WITH OUR FAMILIES WHERE WE BELONG?"



WELL, BETTER START KEEPING MY EYE PEELED FOR ENEMY FIGHTERS. I'M OVER THE LINES. IT SURE IS A GREAT FEELING, THOUGH, BEING WAY UP HERE ABOVE IT ALL, TRAVELING SO FAST--WHAT A GREAT FORCE FOR GOOD IN THE WORLD THE AEROPLANE COULD BECOME, IF ONLY WE LET IT!



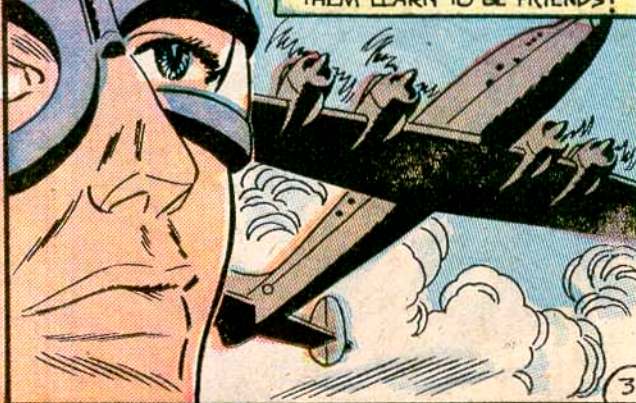
THINK WHAT PLANES COULD DO! THEY COULD BRING ALL THE PEOPLE OF THE WORLD CLOSER TOGETHER, FOR ONE THING. THEY COULD DELIVER MEDICINES TO VICTIMS OF DISASTERS, CARRY MAIL FASTER THAN EVER BEFORE, EXPLORE FAR PLACES BY AIR--



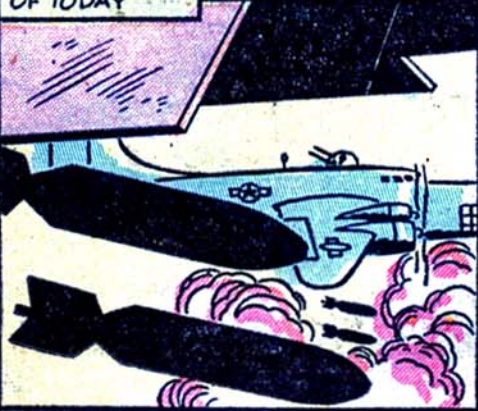
WHY, THEY'LL PROBABLY WORK OUT A SYSTEM FOR MAKING MAPS FROM UP HERE ABOVE THE EARTH, AND--MAYBE I'LL STICK WITH IT, MAYBE I'LL BECOME A PILOT IN CIVILIAN LIFE! I'D BE A PART OF THIS NEW AID TO PROGRESS! AND I'LL BET THEY'LL BE BUILDING BIGGER PLANES SOON, REALLY BIG!



"PERHAPS THERE'LL BE PLANES THAT CAN CARRY TWENTY OR THIRTY PEOPLE, GREAT, MULTI-ENGINE JOBS THAT CAN FLY ACROSS A CONTINENT--OR EVEN ACROSS THE OCEAN SOMEDAY, BRINGING PEOPLE CLOSE AND LETTING THEM LEARN TO BE FRIENDS!"



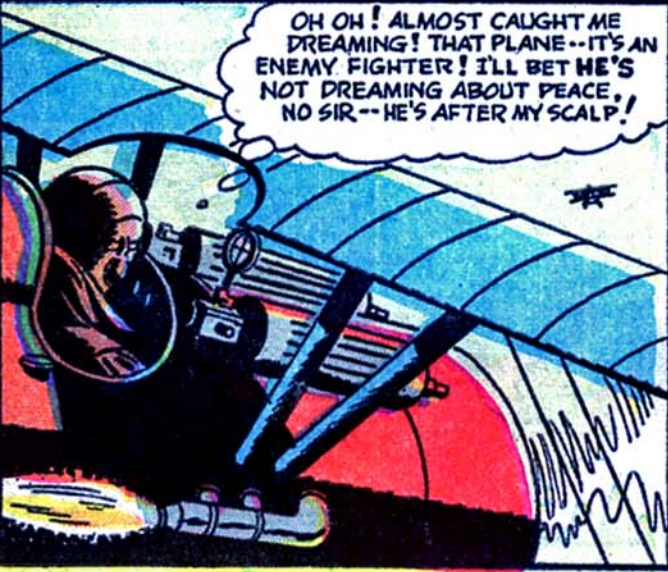
"YEAH, PERHAPS--BUT THEY COULD MAKE A BOMBER OUT OF A PLANE LIKE THAT, TOO--AN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION INSTEAD OF PEACE! THEY'LL BE ABLE TO DROP BOMBS ON PEOPLE THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY, HUGE BOMBS WE HAVEN'T EVEN DREAMED OF TODAY"



NO! NO, WE WON'T DO IT THAT WAY! WE'LL CHANGE ALL THAT, ONCE THIS WAR IS OVER! THOUSANDS OF MEN ARE DYING HERE, THE WHOLE WORLD WILL REALIZE THAT IT CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN, THAT PLANES AND EXPLOSIVES AND EVERYTHING ELSE MUST BE USED ONLY TO HELP PEOPLE, AND NEVER TO KILL THEM. WE'LL SEE TO IT--ONCE THIS WAR IS OVER!



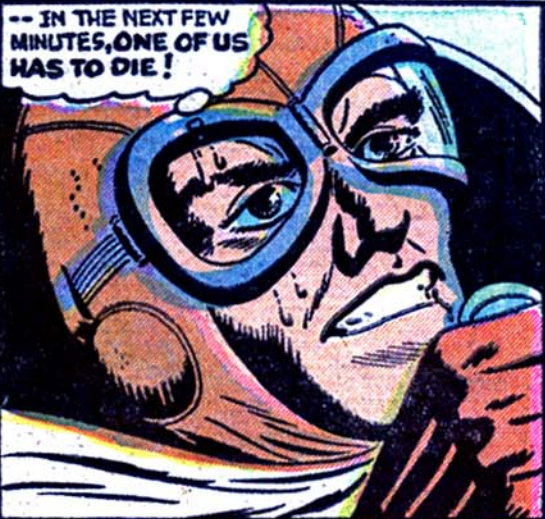
OH OH! ALMOST CAUGHT ME DREAMING! THAT PLANE--IT'S AN ENEMY FIGHTER! I'LL BET HE'S NOT DREAMING ABOUT PEACE, NO SIR--HE'S AFTER MY SCALP!



GOT TO GET ALTITUDE, GET UP ABOVE HIM! YEAH, HE'S CLIMBING--HE'S SEEN ME! WELL, HERE GOES THE SAME OLD STORY. I DON'T KNOW THE GUY IN THAT PLANE, AND HE DOESN'T KNOW ME. FOR ALL I KNOW, MAYBE HE IS THINKING ABOUT THE SAME THINGS I AM, BUT EVEN IF HE IS--



-- IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, ONE OF US HAS TO DIE!



YES, HARRY SMITH--PERHAPS ONE OF YOU HAS TO DIE! SOMEBODY ALWAYS HAS TO DIE IN A WAR--I DID! WHY YOU, YOU SAY? BUT THAT ISN'T THE QUESTION. THE QUESTION IS, WHY WAR? IF THERE WERE NO WAR, THEN-- BUT LET'S GET ON WITH OUR STORY!



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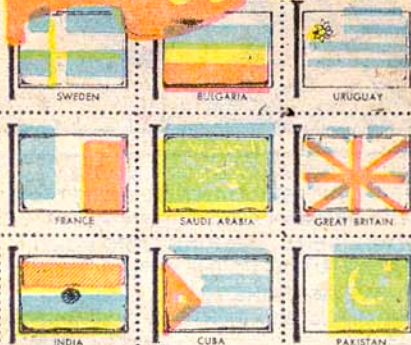
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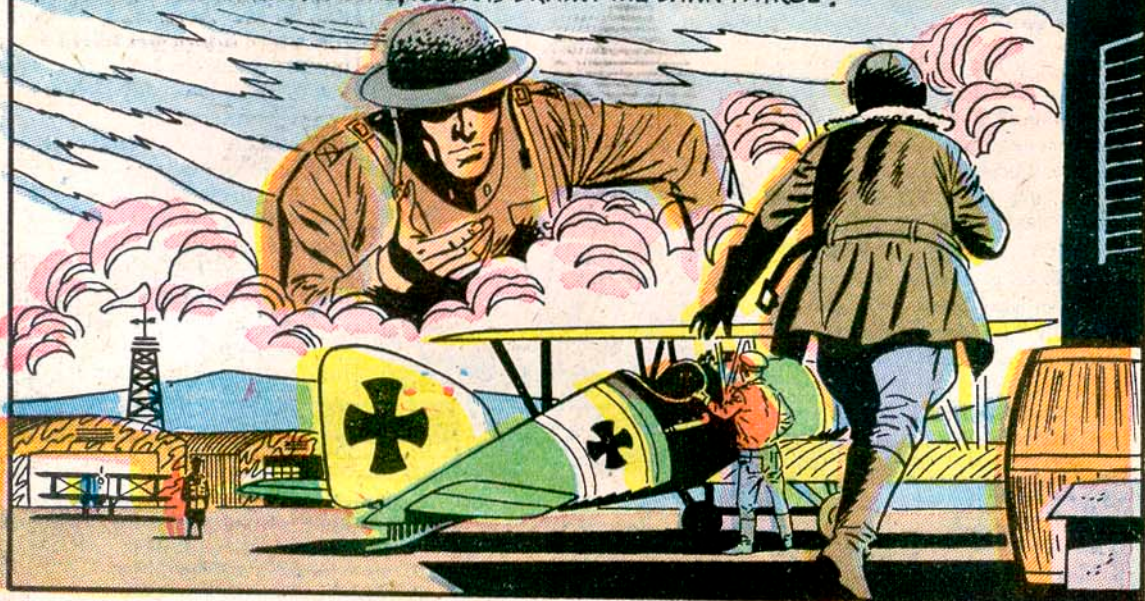
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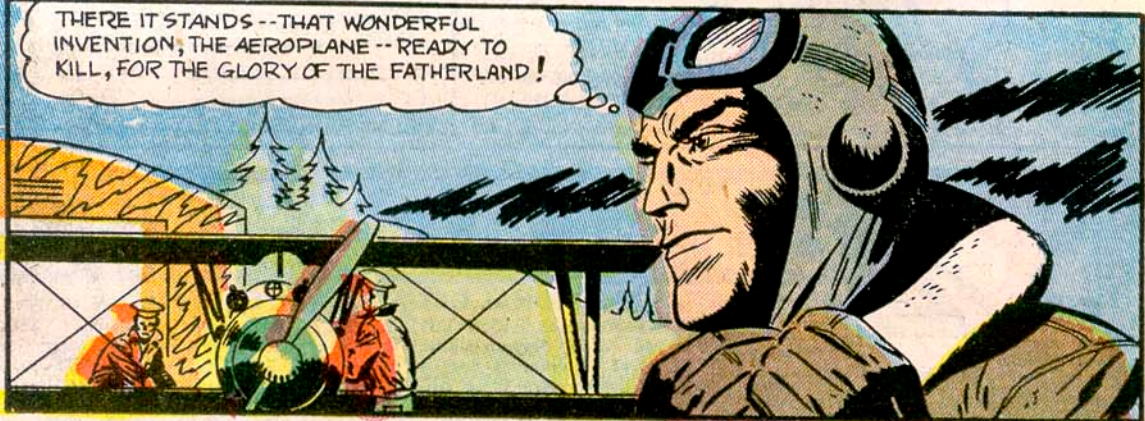
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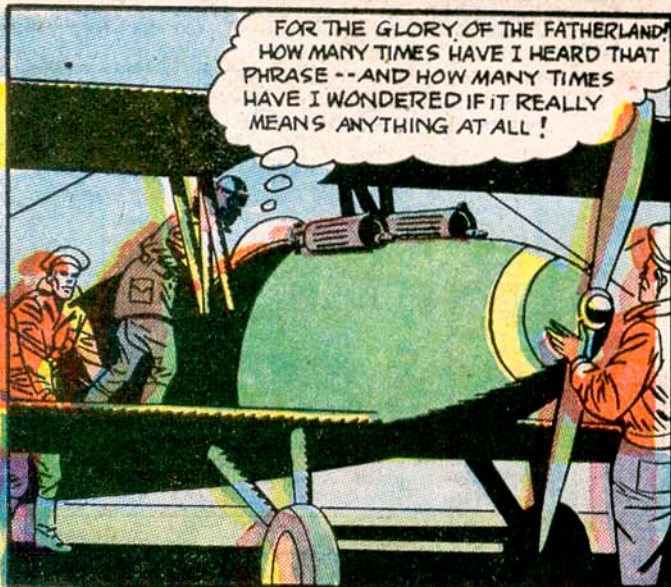
-- FOR HERE IS OUR SECOND MAN IN THE SKY. HE IS HANS SCHMIDT, OF THE LUFTWAFFE; HANS SCHMIDT, OF COLOGNE, GERMANY -- ANOTHER MAN WITH COURAGE IN HIS HEART AND QUESTIONS IN HIS MIND. AND HE, TOO, HAS DRAWN THE DAWN PATROL !



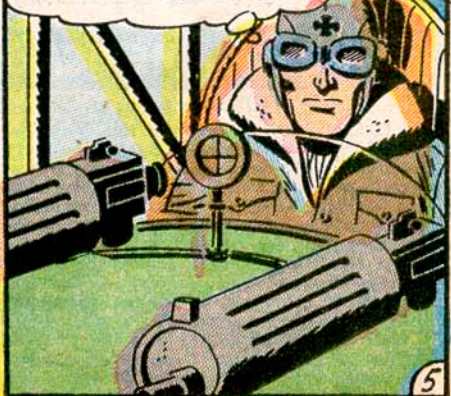
THERE IT STANDS -- THAT WONDERFUL INVENTION, THE AEROPLANE -- READY TO KILL, FOR THE GLORY OF THE FATHERLAND !



FOR THE GLORY OF THE FATHERLAND, HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I HEARD THAT PHRASE -- AND HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I WONDERED IF IT REALLY MEANS ANYTHING AT ALL !



WHEN THEY SAY GLORY, DO THEY MEAN THE BRILLIANT SCIENTISTS OF OUR GERMANY, THE GREAT POETS AND COMPOSERS, THE FINE, HARD WORKING FARMER ? OR DO THEY MEAN THESE -- THESE MACHINE GUNS, THESE SKILLFUL MURDERERS ? !

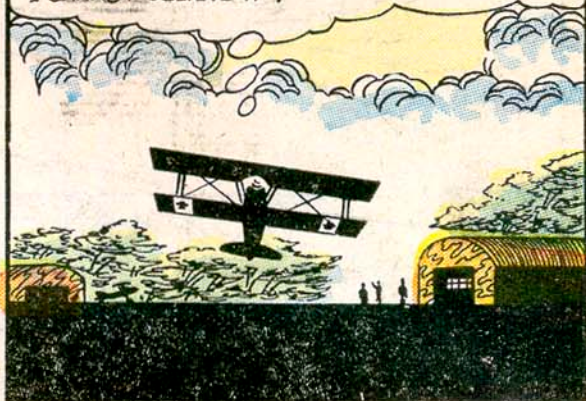


NEVER AGAIN

WE ARE A BRILLIANT PEOPLE, WE GERMANS, AND I AM PROUD OF IT! BUT WHY, THEN, IS OUR HISTORY ONE OF CONSTANT WAR? IF WE ARE SO BRILLIANT, WHY ARE WE NOT ABLE TO PROVE OURSELVES TO THE REST OF THE WORLD IN PEACEFUL WAYS?



THEY TELL US WE ARE MORE INTELLIGENT THAN OTHERS, WE ARE LEADERS--AND THEREFORE WE MUST CONQUER THE WORLD AND TEACH IT TO LIVE THE WAY WE DO. BUT IS OUR WAY PERFECT--OUR WAY OF RIGID DISCIPLINE, OF MILITARY LIFE CONSIDERED THE MOST HONORED OF PROFESSIONS? I CANNOT BELIEVE IT!



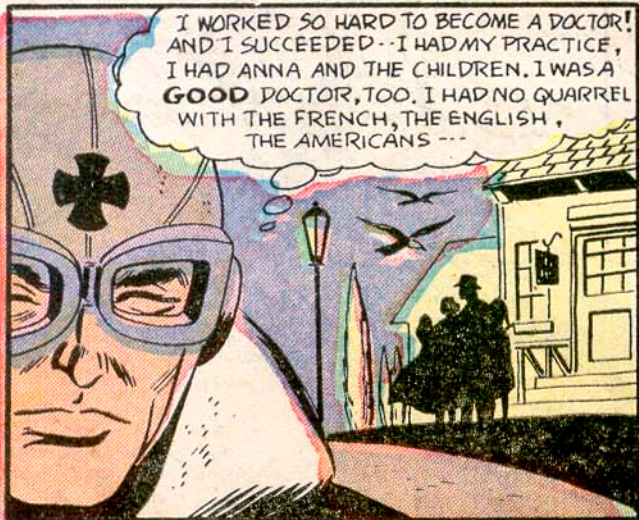
THE PLANE CLIMBS TOWARD THE RISING DAWN!



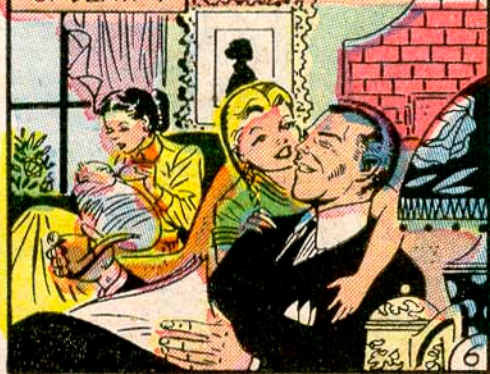
AND YET HERE I AM, BELIEVE IT OR NOT--HERE I AM SETTING OUT TO KILL SOMEONE I HAVE NEVER SEEN. TO KILL--ME, HANS SCHMIDT, A DOCTOR! WHY WOULDN'T THEY AT LEAST LET ME BE A DOCTOR IN THE ARMY? TOO MANY, THEY SAID--BUT I'VE SEEN THE MEN DYING IN THE HOSPITALS. THERE CAN NEVER BE TOO MANY DOCTORS IN A WAR! I NEVER WANTED TO DESTROY LIFE, I WANTED TO SAVE IT--



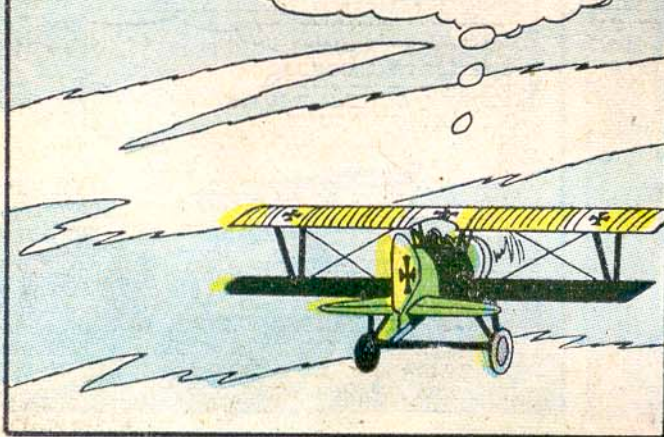
I WORKED SO HARD TO BECOME A DOCTOR! AND I SUCCEEDED--I HAD MY PRACTICE, I HAD ANNA AND THE CHILDREN. I WAS A GOOD DOCTOR, TOO. I HAD NO QUARREL WITH THE FRENCH, THE ENGLISH, THE AMERICANS---



"I SIMPLY WANTED TO GO ON DOING WHAT I WAS MEANT TO DO, AND RAISING MY GIRLS IN PEACE. BUT NO--HERE I AM IN THE SKY SOMEWHERE OVER FRANCE, JUST ANOTHER COG IN A HUGE MACHINE OF DEATH!"



PERHAPS IT'S RIGHT, PERHAPS WE DO HAVE TO FIGHT THIS WAR FOR ECONOMIC REASONS AS OUR LEADERS TELL US, BUT THERE **MUST** BE ANOTHER WAY!



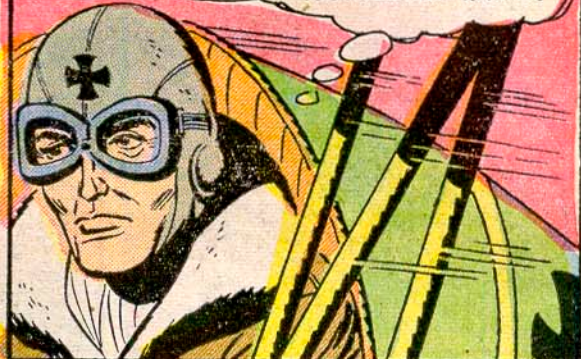
IF IT'S ANYONE'S FAULT, THE BLAME LIES ON THE AMBITIOUS LEADERS IN EVERY--AHHH! I HAD BETTER START PAYING ATTENTION TO MY JOB. I'M OVER THE LINES NOW.



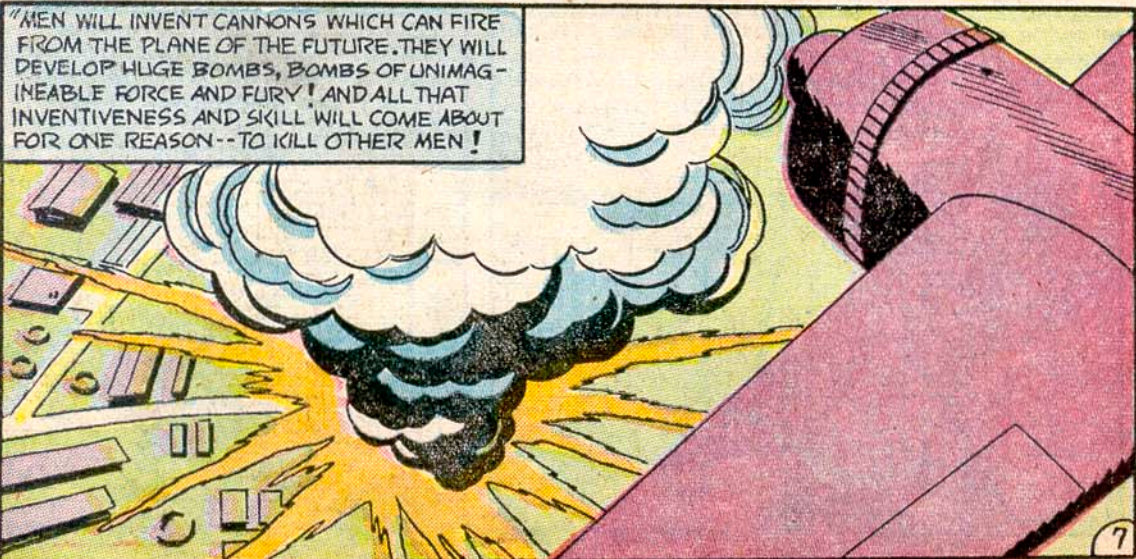
I GUESS THEY'RE GLAD THIS ISN'T A BOMBER I'M FLYING!



I'VE SEEN THOSE BOMBERS, AND THEY MAKE ME SHUDDER. AND JUST THINK WHAT THE PLANES OF THE FUTURE WILL BE! THEY'LL TAKE THIS WONDERFUL FLYING MACHINE AND MAKE A FORTRESS OF IT, A GIANT FORTRESS TO FLY THROUGH THE AIR BRINGING DEATH AND DESTRUCTION WITH IT!



"MEN WILL INVENT CANNONS WHICH CAN FIRE FROM THE PLANE OF THE FUTURE. THEY WILL DEVELOP HUGE BOMBS, BOMBS OF UNIMAGINEABLE FORCE AND FURY! AND ALL THAT INVENTIVENESS AND SKILL WILL COME ABOUT FOR ONE REASON--TO KILL OTHER MEN!"



NEVER AGAIN

"OF COURSE, PLANES **COULD** BE USED FOR DECENT THINGS. THEY COULD FLY PEOPLE TO AND FRO, VISITING ONE ANOTHER. THEY COULD CARRY CARGO, MAIL--AND THINK WHAT THEY COULD DO FOR MEN LIKE ME, FOR DOCTORS! THEY COULD DELIVER PRECIOUS MEDICINES WHEN EPIDEMICS SPREAD, AND---BUT NO, I'M DREAMING!"



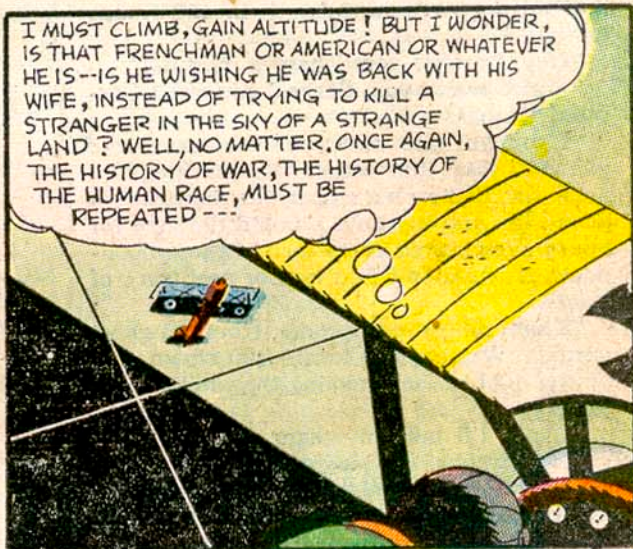
I SHOULD KNOW BETTER. I, WHO COME FROM SUCH A LONG LINE OF MEN WHOSE FATHERS DIED IN THE NEVER-ENDING WARS OF EUROPE! THE MILITARY USE OF AIRCRAFT WILL FAR OUTWEIGH THEIR PEACETIME USE. AND YET--? IT HAS TO END **SOMETIME**! COULD IT BE--NOW, AFTER **THIS** WAR? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT--BUT STILL I CAN'T HELP HOPING!



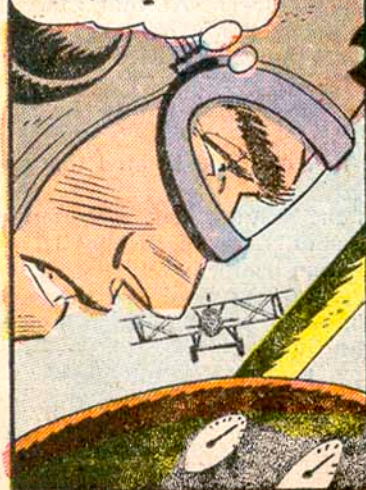
HIMMEL! THAT PLANE --IT IS NOT ONE OF OURS! I ALMOST DIDN'T SEE HIM, LOST IN MY CRAZY THOUGHTS. BUT HE HAS SEEN ME, AND HE'S COMING TO ATTACK!



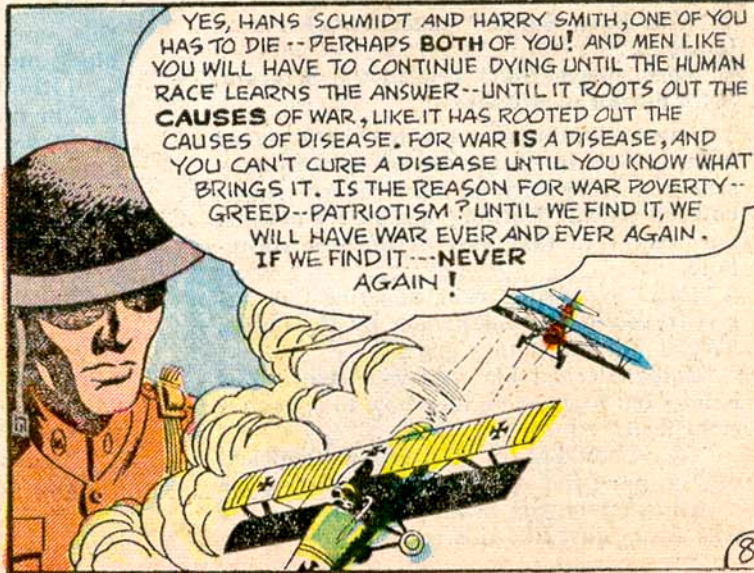
I MUST CLIMB, GAIN ALTITUDE! BUT I WONDER, IS THAT FRENCHMAN OR AMERICAN OR WHATEVER HE IS--IS HE WISHING HE WAS BACK WITH HIS WIFE, INSTEAD OF TRYING TO KILL A STRANGER IN THE SKY OF A STRANGE LAND? WELL, NO MATTER, ONCE AGAIN, THE HISTORY OF WAR, THE HISTORY OF THE HUMAN RACE, MUST BE REPEATED---



--- IN THE NEXT FEW MINUTES, ONE OF US HAS TO DIE!



YES, HANS SCHMIDT AND HARRY SMITH, ONE OF YOU HAS TO DIE --PERHAPS **BOTH** OF YOU! AND MEN LIKE YOU WILL HAVE TO CONTINUE DYING UNTIL THE HUMAN RACE LEARNS THE ANSWER--UNTIL IT ROOTS OUT THE **CAUSES** OF WAR, LIKE IT HAS ROOTED OUT THE CAUSES OF DISEASE. FOR WAR IS A DISEASE, AND YOU CAN'T CURE A DISEASE UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT BRINGS IT. IS THE REASON FOR WAR POVERTY--GREED--PATRIOTISM? UNTIL WE FIND IT, WE WILL HAVE WAR EVER AND EVER AGAIN. IF WE FIND IT --**NEVER AGAIN!**





THE

SNIPER

By

Technical Sergeant C. F. X. Houts
Marine Corps Correspondent



Twang! From out of nowhere came the whistle of a sniper's bullet. The Marines took cover.

"Anybody hit?" shouted Sergeant Gene Larkin.

A sigh of relief escaped from the lanky Marine's lips as he learned that the slug had buried itself harmlessly in the frozen earth.

"Hey Brooks, come here a minute."

"Right beside you, Sarge," answered Corporal Brooks.

"I thought you and your fire team were going to take that sniper this morning?"

"Sarge, if there's a sniper out there, he's a ghost. Me and my boys scouted the area for hours. We covered every inch of those boon-docks . . . we didn't find him or any trace of him!"

"That slug didn't come from a ghost weapon. We've got to locate that clown, and on the double. He's making the whole squad jumpy."

"Okay, I'll take my team out again. . ."

"No, Brooks, we play this one cool. Get all your men . . . OW." Larkin lurched forward as his helmet was torn from his head. A split second later came the familiar twang of the sniper's bullet.

"You hurt, Sarge?" asked Brooks, anxiously.

"Keep down, Bob," replied the Sergeant. "Not hit but plenty sore."

Cautiously the two Leathernecks peered over the edge of their foxhole. Carefully they searched every inch of that rugged, snow-covered terrain. Nothing, absolutely nothing was visible in that vast expanse of wasteland.

"Bob," growled Larkin, fingering the ragged furrow left in his helmet by the bullet. "We've got to get that guy!"

"Sarge, sit just like you were, with your helmet on. I've got an idea how to spot that slopehead."

"Okay, boy, but try not to get me knocked off," grinned the lanky sergeant, putting his torn helmet on his head. "Let's see . . . I was sitting just like this and . . ."

"Bend your head a little . . . there, that's it."

Corporal Brooks stood before his sergeant, his face close to his friend's, one eye closed. "What the heck are you doing?"

"I think I've got him located, Sarge," shouted Brooks. "Yeah, maybe . . . take a look at this, Sarge!"

"I sighted along the groove in your helmet, it points right to a crack in the hill. Here, I'll sight in on it with my rifle and then you can see what I mean." The corporal swung his rifle to his shoulder, "Okay, take a look."

Sergeant Larkin peered over Brooks' shoulder, through the rear sight aperture and gasped. With the sights lined up, the rifle was pointing like an accusing finger at a narrow crack in the face of a cliff some six hundred yards away.

"Hey Pasternek, take over the squad," shouted Larkin. "We're going out for a look-see. Have a couple of men cover us."

"Sarge, I've rigged up a satchel charge, and latched on to some grenades. If we can't find that guy, at least we can blast his nest!"

"Ding-hao, Bob! Let's shove off!"

"Man, he's looking down our throats on this one," growled Brooks as he inched along on his stomach.

"I think he's chicken. At that range he should have knocked my ears off. I think he tries a snap shot and shoves off on the double."

"Could be, Sarge, but maybe he's got brave again."

"Aw, knock it off. You located this guy, you know!"

Suddenly, the stillness was shattered by a single rifle shot. Corporal Brooks let out an agonized moan. Immediately, the air was filled with screaming lead as the alert Marines back at the squad position fired on the sniper's hideout.

"Brooks . . . Buddy, you hit bad?"

"You were right, Sarge. Either this guy

Continued on next page

NEVER AGAIN

is yellow or he's the world's worst shot," grinned Corporal Brooks.

After what seemed hours of crawling over open terrain, the two Leathernecks rested at the foot of the cliff.

"Let's have a smoke before we go in after that guy," suggested Brooks.

"Are you kidding? That crack isn't wide enough to get your foot into, much less crawl into with these parkas on," said Sergeant Larkin as he lit a cigarette for his wounded corporal.

"Okay, Sarge. Hey, if we can't get in from this side, let's get him from behind."

"Okay, kid, I'll go up to that ledge, you follow."

Sergeant Larkin slung the satchel charge around his neck and scrambled up the slope. Once on the ledge, he lowered his rifle to Brooks. Grasping the rifle-sling, Brooks was hauled up the face of the cliff by his powerful sergeant.

At the top of the hill, the Marines paused to catch their breath. Below them, the far side of the hill sloped into a hidden valley.

"Okay Bobbie, down we go," and followed closely by his corporal, the lanky Leatherneck led the way into the valley.

Although they scouted expertly, the Marines could find no trace of the sniper.

"If he got in from the other side, he's about four inches wide. There must be an entrance over here," mused Larkin aloud. "Hey . . . wait a second . . . I remember something about caves from World War II. The Japanese covered the entrances to their caves with bushes, or big rocks, or wrecked equipment. Let's take a look at some of these rocks."

"It's a cinch there isn't any equipment around here, no roads to get it in."

"Hey Brooks, how's about that oil drum? If nothing can get in here, where did that come from?"

"That's it, Sarge . . . that's the entrance. Let's go."

Confident now, the Marines rushed up to where a battered 55 gallon oil drum stood half buried in the ground.

"Grab ahold of it," shouted Larkin. "Let's see what's under there." Although the two tugged and grunted, the drum refused to budge.

"Give me one of those grenades, then get out of range," ordered the sergeant.

Pulling the pin from the grenade, Larkin laid it alongside the drum and dashed for cover. When the explosion came, the barrel flew high in the air.

With rifles ready, the Leathernecks approached the blasted area.

"Bob, there it is . . . like a rabbit's burrow!" shouted Larkin.

"A rat's burrow, you mean! Hey, look at the top of the drum! It's fixed up like a trap

door. This was how our little pal got into his hole!"

"Let's roll a couple of grenades down there. That ought to flush our Communist Comrade . . . Hey . . . You hear anything?"

"Yeah, it's our friend. Maybe he wants to surrender."

"Okay down there, come out with your hands in the air!!!"

"Hey, Sarge, that jerk can't understand our lingo!"

"Oh no? Well stand by, buddy, here he comes!"

It was true. An enemy soldier appeared at the opening, his hands high above his head.

"Cover him, Brooks. I'm going to search him." Sergeant Larkin made a quick but thorough search of his prisoner. "Okay, he's clean."

"Clean?" laughed Brooks, "he looks like he hasn't had a bath for a year."

"Anyone else down there?" asked Larkin of the enemy, and shook his head as the prisoner responded in sing-song Chinese.

"Okay, boy, lead the way. We'll look for ourselves. Come on, Bob. Let's see what kind of a hole this rat crawled out of."

Followed closely by the Marines, the enemy soldier entered the burrow. For a distance of some twenty feet, the three men wormed their way through the tight tunnel. At last it widened into a small, dark subterranean cavern. At the far end, the Marines could see light streaming through the crack from which the Red had sniped.

The place, except for several bags of food, a case of ammunition and a ragged sleeping bag, was barren.

"Okay, Brooks, we'll blow the entrance . . . seal up the whole works. Let's go!"

Again the three men made their way through the narrow tunnel. Once out in the fresh air, Corporal Brooks set his satchel charges, and as the men rushed for cover, its detonation rent the air. After the clouds of debris settled, the Marines inspected the entrance to the cavern. It was effectively sealed.

Corporal Brooks winced as he offered a cigarette to the Red sniper.

"Let's go," growled Sergeant Larkin. "This guy is lucky. His war is over."

THE END



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Same young man after using KERAPLEX twice a day for just one week. Notice the decided improvement—pimples completely gone!



BEFORE

Note more than a dozen blemishes on just one side of this girl's face before KERAPLEX was applied.



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Call of Courage

WHAT HAPPENS TO THE SON OF A MARINE HERO WHEN HE JOINS HIS FAMOUS FATHER'S OLD OUTFIT? JEB BUCKLEY JR. THOUGHT HE WAS A COWARD... UNTIL HE DISCOVERED A STRANGE THING ABOUT FEAR...

MONTY, THIS IS JEB BUCKLEY, JR., SON OF **THE** JEB BUCKLEY, ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTIN' LEATHERNECKS EVER! I'M ASSIGNING HIM TO YOU AND IF HE'S ONLY HALF AS GOOD AS HIS FATHER WAS, I FEEL SORRY FOR THE JOE REDS!

I'VE HEARD OF JEB BUCKLEY. HE SURE DID A BANG-UP JOB IN BOTH WORLD WARS!

I'VE HEARD PLENTY OF STORIES ABOUT YOUR FATHER, BUCK. HE ONCE RESCUED HIS WHOLE OUTFIT BY CHARGING A NAZI MACHINE GUN NEST ALL BY HIMSELF AND...

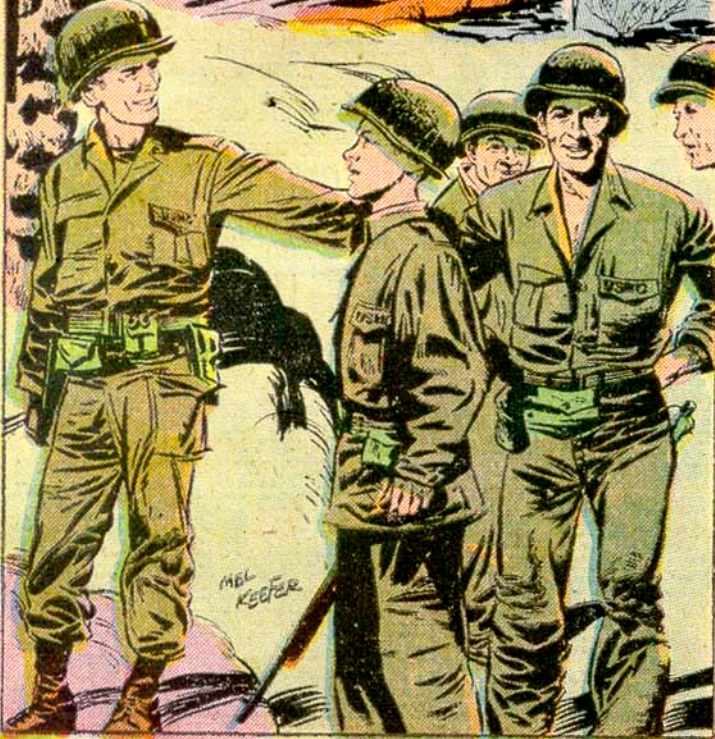
LOOK, PAL -- DON'T CALL ME BUCK! THAT'S **HIS** NAME! MINE'S JEB!



OKAY, JEB, 'CEPT I'D THINK YOU'D BE PROUD TO BE KNOWN BY THE SAME NAME!

MAYBE I DON'T KNOW THAT! IT'S ALL I'VE EVER HEARD. IT'S SURE GREAT HAVING A HERO FOR A FATHER!

WHAT GIVES WITH JUNIOR, ANYWAY? HE'S PLENTY TOUCHY!





I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU'RE GETTING ALL EXCITED, JUNIOR. SO WHAT IF YOU ARE THE SON OF JEB BUCKLEY? THAT AND A DIME WILL GET YOU A RIDE IN THE SUBWAY ANYTIME!

DON'T CALL ME JUNIOR! DON'T EVER CALL ME THAT!



HEY, CHICKEN, TAKE IT EASY! WE'RE GOIN' TO TAKE A DUCKIN' IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL!

MAYBE A LITTLE DUCKIN' 'LL TEACH YOU SOME MANNERS!



SO YOU'RE THE JOE THAT'S GOIN' TO TEACH ME MANNERS!! WHY YOU KINDERGARDEN CLOWN!

CANARSIE! JEB! ARE YOU BOTH NUTS?



CAN YOU MAKE IT TO THE BRIDGE, CANARSIE? BETTER CHANCE TO PULL YOU OUT FROM HERE!

SURE. DON'T KNOW ABOUT JUNIOR HERE, THOUGH. HE AIN'T DOIN' SO GOOD!

I'M OKAY. JUST LEAVE ME ALONE, WILL YOU?



NO SOAP, MONTY... OUR BEST BET IS TO TRY TO GET TO SHORE!

YOU'LL NEVER MAKE IT NOW. IT'S TOO FAR AWAY!

WE'LL GO AFTER THEM IN ONE OF THESE BOATS!



YOU'D BETTER TAKE JUNIOR HERE FIRST, TEX. HE'S ABOUT DONE FOR!

YOU DON'T LOOK TOO HEALTHY YOURSELF!



WHAT WAS THE BIG IDEA, CANARSIE?

I LIKE THAT! THIS CHARACTER JUMPS ME, PRACTICALLY DROWNS ME AND YOU ASK ME WHAT'S THE IDEA!



OKAY, OKAY, MONTY. YOU WIN! IF I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, JUNIOR, I'M SORRY!

JUST DON'T CALL ME JUNIOR, THAT'S ALL!



I CHEWED CANARSIE OUT AND MADE HIM APOLOGIZE, BUT YOU'RE THE ONE THAT LOST YOUR HEAD. DO THAT IN COMBAT, AND YOU'LL NOT ONLY LOSE YOUR OWN LIFE, BUT MAYBE A LOT OF OTHERS!

I DIDN'T ASK TO BE ASSIGNED TO YOU, HALL. IF YOU DON'T WANT ME IN YOUR OUTFIT, GET ME TRANSFERRED!



GET THIS STRAIGHT, JEB. YOU'RE HERE TO DO A JOB, AND WHETHER YOU'RE JEB BUCKLEY'S SON OR NOT, YOU'RE EXPECTED TO DO IT!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I'LL DO MY JOB. BUT LEAVE MY FATHER OUT OF THIS!



IT'S BEEN TOO QUIET AROUND HERE FOR TOO LONG! THE LIEUTENANT'S GOT A HUNCH SOMETHING BIG AND UNPLEASANT IS GOING TO BREAK. IT'S UP TO US TO FIND OUT IF WE CAN.

SNOOPIN' AROUND AND LUGGIN' JUNIOR ALONG AIN'T GOIN' TO MAKE THIS PATROL ANY EASIER!



OUR BIG JOB IS TO TRY TO CAPTURE A COUPLE OF REDS AND TAKE 'EM BACK TO HEAD-QUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING!

BEFORE THE REDS TRY TO DO THE SAME WITH US, YOU MEAN! I BET THESE WOODS ARE FULL OF 'EM!



I TELL YOU, TEX, I HEARD SOMETHIN'!

SO WHAT IF YOU DID? FIRE ONE ROUND AND YOU'LL HAVE THE WHOLE COMMIE ARMY BREATHIN' DOWN YOUR NECK!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, TEX? WHAT GIVES?

NOTHIN' 'CEPT JUNIOR HERE THOUGHT HE SAW SOMETHIN'!

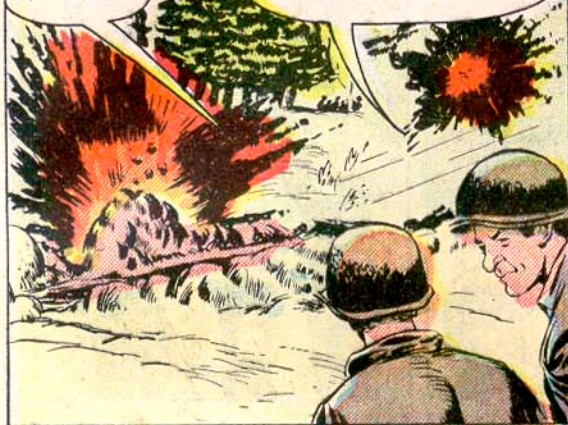






WE'RE NOT GOING OUT IN THAT, ARE WE? WE'LL BE BLOWN TO PIECES!

YOU GOT ANY MORE BRIGHT IDEAS, JUNIOR? IF I'M GOIN' TO GET KILLED, I'D RATHER GET IT FIGHTIN' THAN JUST SITTIN'!



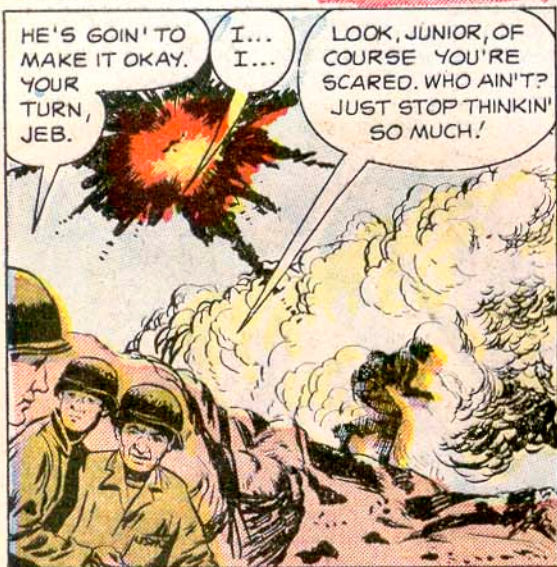
THAT'S A RISKY BIT OF MANEUVERING AHEAD OF US. I'LL GO FIRST AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. THEN, JEB, YOU AFTER HIM, CANARSIE, AND TEX LAST!



HE'S GOIN' TO MAKE IT OKAY. YOUR TURN, JEB.

I... I...

LOOK, JUNIOR, OF COURSE YOU'RE SCARED. WHO AIN'T? JUST STOP THINKIN' SO MUCH!



I... I CAN'T GO ON. I'M TURNING AROUND AND COMING BACK!

OH, MY ACHIN' BACK! THE STUPID CLOWN WILL GET HIMSELF KILLED FOR SURE!

MONTY'S GOIN' OUT AFTER HIM. COME ON, LET'S GO!



TELL ME ONE THING, JUNIOR -- DO YOU HAVE TO DO EVERYTHING THE HARD WAY?

WELL, IF IT ISN'T SOME BLOODY YANKS COMIN' TO JOIN OUR PARTY!

IF YOUR INVITATION INCLUDES SOME OF THAT MUD THERE, YOU CAN SAVE THE NEXT WALTZ FOR ME, LIMEX!!



I'LL BE A SAD SACK! THIS AIN'T COFFEE -- IT'S TEA!





THE WOUNDED ARE ABOUT ALL THAT'S LEFT OF OUR OUTFIT AND WE'RE WAITING TO BE EVACUATED. THAT IS, IF YOUR LEATHERTHROATS CAN GET A HELICOPTER THROUGH!

LEATHER THROATS? OH, NO! YOU MEAN LEATHER-NECKS! SEMPER FI!!



THERE SHE BLOWS! BUT SHE CAN'T FIND US. GOT ANY FLARES OR SIGNALS?

WE'VE SOME SMOKE GENADES. WILL THOSE DO?

SURE WILL!



SHE'S SEEN US. GOOD OLD FLYIN' BANANA.



THERE'S GOING TO BE ROOM FOR US, TOO, IN THAT 'COPTER, ISN'T THERE, MONTY? THERE'S GOT TO BE ROOM!

I DON'T EXPECT THERE WILL BE, JEB. BESIDES, THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH US. WE CAN WALK OUT.



I CAN TAKE ON ONE MORE. THEN I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE IN A HURRY!

YOU GO, SARGE. YOU WON'T BE MUCH GOOD A' 'UND HERE WITH THAT BAD ARM OF YOURS!

NO! NO!! YOU HAVEN'T THE RIGHT, MONTY, TO MAKE THAT CHOICE WITHOUT CONSULTING ANY OF US! WHY SHOULD HE BE THE ONE TO GO?



BETTER START HOPPING! HERE COMES THE WHOLE MANGY COMMIE ARMY!

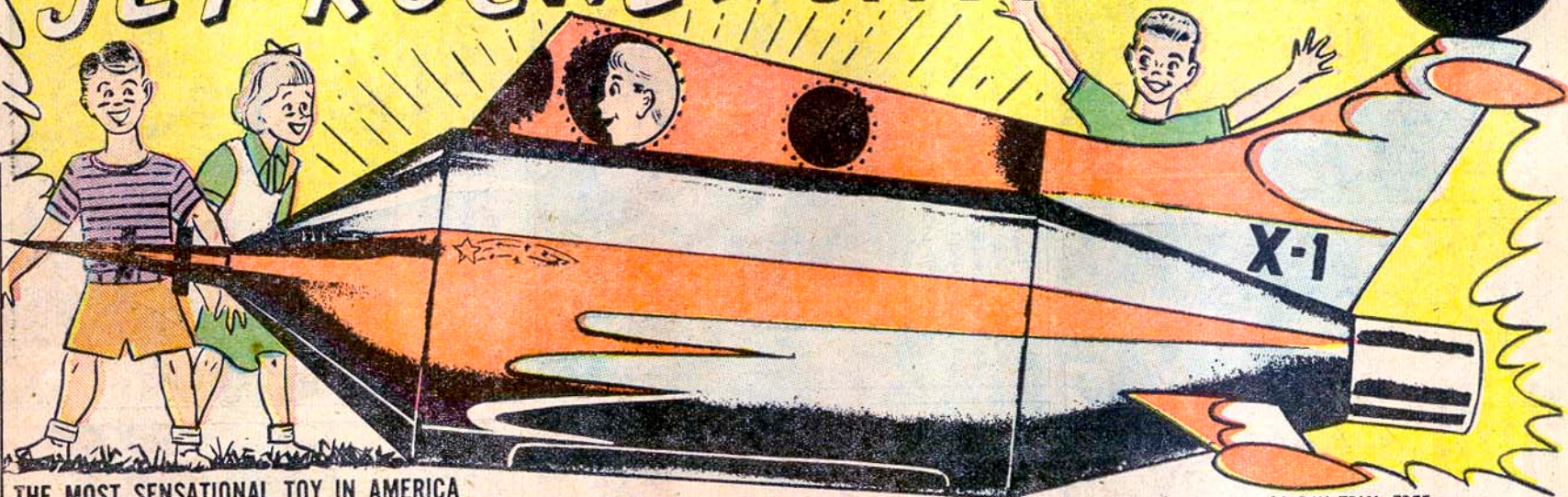
SORRY, GISMOS! CAN'T TAKE A CHANCE WITH THESE WOUNDED WHILE YOU MAKE UP YOUR MINDS. SEE YOU IN TOKYO-- I HOPE!



SORRY ABOUT CRUMBUN OVER THERE, SARGE. HE'S KIND OF NERVOUS FROM WORRYIN' ABOUT SERVICE!

CUT IT, CANARSIE. STOP PICKING ON ME. I'LL SHOW YOU WHO'S A COWARD!

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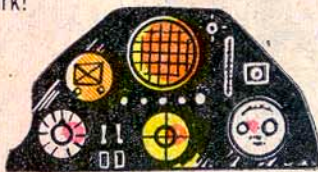
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- ☐ I enclose \$4.98 plus 63¢ postage and handling charge for my Space Ship. Same Money Back Guarantee.

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I'LL BE A SWAB-JOCKEY'S UNCLE! I MUST HAVE HURT HIS FEELIN'S AGAIN!

GUESS YOU DID, CANARSIE! NOW IT LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'LL REALLY GET HIMSELF KILLED! THE CRAZY CRUD!



I'LL SHOW YOU, CANARSIE, THAT I'M **REALLY** JEB BUCKLEY'S SON! I'LL SHOW **ALL OF YOU!**

DON'T WORRY, JUNIOR-- YOU'RE SHOWIN' ME!



A JOLLY GOOD SHOW, I MUST SAY!

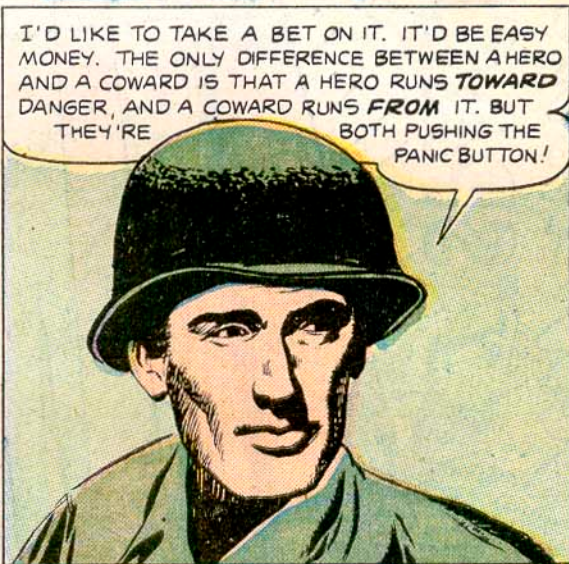
YOU SURE FOUGHT LIKE A TEXAS WILDCAT, JEB!

TEXAS WILDCAT! THAT'S A LAUGH!



HOW DO YOU THINK HEROES ARE BORN, JEB? THEY'RE ONLY ORDINARY GUYS LIKE YOU AND ME-- THAT GET SO FRIGHTENED THAT THEY HAVE TO DO SOMETHING IN A HURRY TO FORGET THEIR OWN FEAR!

YOU MEAN... THAT MAYBE MY FATHER USED TO GET THIS SCARED, TOO?



I'D LIKE TO TAKE A BET ON IT. IT'D BE EASY MONEY. THE ONLY DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HERO AND A COWARD IS THAT A HERO RUNS **TOWARD** DANGER, AND A COWARD RUNS **FROM** IT. BUT THEY'RE BOTH PUSHING THE PANIC BUTTON!



THE WAY I SEE IT, OUR BEST BET IS TO KEEP FOLLOWING THIS DITCH. WE'RE BOUND TO HIT SOME BIG UNIT OF OUR FORCES BEFORE LONG!

WON'T BE ANY TOO SOON FOR ME. THESE BOONDOCKERS OF MINE AIN'T GOIN' TO LAST MUCH LONGER!



EVEN MY SOCKS HAVE BEEN CUT THROUGH. AIN'T NO FUN WALKIN' BAREFOOT ON THESE STONES.

YOUR BOONDOCKERS LASTED JUST LONG ENOUGH, CANARSIE, 'CAUSE THOSE TANKS COMIN' ALONG ARE OUR BABIES!



HEY! WAIT FOR ME, PLOW-JACKS!

COME ON, YOU SADDLE-SORE GOOFBALL! JUST FIGGER IT'S CHOW CALL. THAT'LL GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR PANTS!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THEM TANK CRUDS TRYIN' TO PULL A SNOW JOB ON US?

I RECKON THEY THINK WE'RE REDS AND THEY'VE GOT US PINNED DOWN NEATAS A WHISTLE!



THEY'RE SURE GOING TO FEEL MIGHTY SORRY WHEN THEY FIND OUT THEIR MISTAKE!

THERE'S GOT TO BE SOME WAY OF LETTING THEM KNOW THE TRUTH!



JEB! WANT TO GET YOUR HEAD BLOWN OFF?

NOT BY A LONG SHOT, MONTY. BUT WHAT WERE YOU TELLING ME ABOUT FEAR PULLING YOU TOWARD DANGER? I'M SO SCARED, MY TEETH ARE CHATTERING OUT "YANKEE DOODLE". WHEN THEY HEAR *THAT*, THEY'LL KNOW WE'RE AMERICANS!



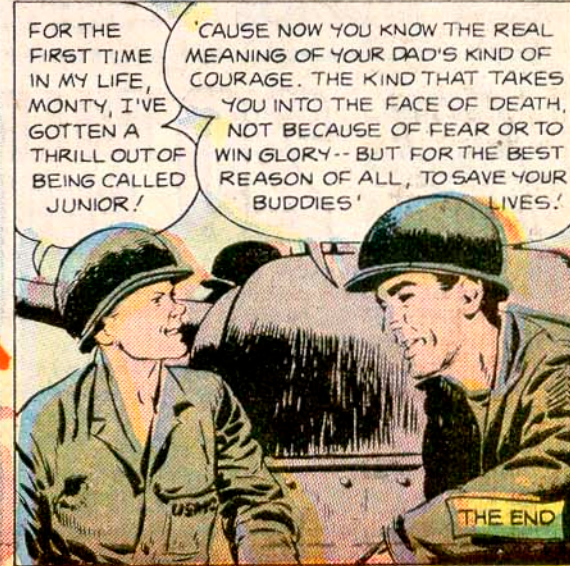
OKAY, YOU WISE GUYS! WHAT'S THE BLASTED IDEA OF USING US FOR TARGET PRACTICE?

YOU BELOW-- RADIO THE OTHER CREWS TO STOP FIRING. WE'VE BEEN SHOOTING AT OUR OWN MEN!



IT TOOK REAL GUTS TO WALK UP TO THOSE TANKS THAT WAY. AND I THOUGHT 'IM A BIT OF A BLIGHTER WHEN I FIRST MET 'IM!

SHOWS HOW WRONG YOU CAN BE. WHY JUNIOR COMES BY IT NATURALLY! HE'S JEB BUCKLEY'S SON!



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, MONTY, I'VE GOTTEN A THRILL OUT OF BEING CALLED JUNIOR!

'CAUSE NOW YOU KNOW THE REAL MEANING OF YOUR DAD'S KIND OF COURAGE. THE KIND THAT TAKES YOU INTO THE FACE OF DEATH, NOT BECAUSE OF FEAR OR TO WIN GLORY-- BUT FOR THE BEST REASON OF ALL, TO SAVE YOUR BUDDIES' LIVES!

THE END



Mrs. Ruth Long

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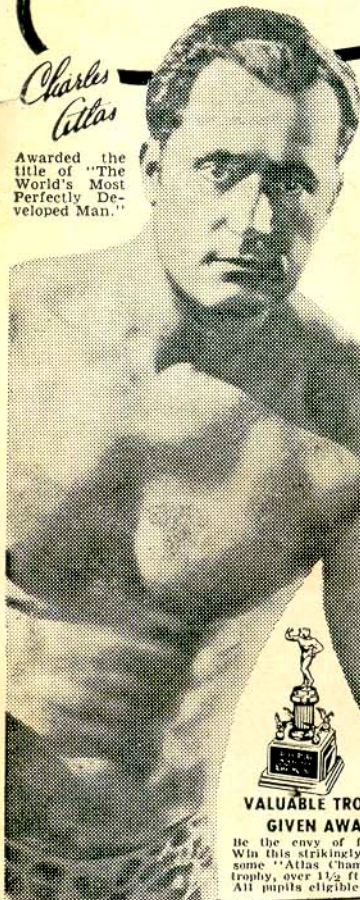
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—Stanley Lynn, Calif.
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—F. S., New York

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—T. K., New York

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—J. W., Montana

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This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely **FREE**. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3253, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

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